

No Anxious Moments When You Bake With A



Glenwood

The Range that "Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

My Amateur Detective Work.

(Original.)

Some of the states are passing laws making the punishment for kidnapping the next thing to and in some cases equal to murder. This is right, though crime does not seem to be prevented by the rigor of the punishment attached. But no punishment can equal the sufferings of a parent at the kidnapping of a child. The night we missed our Harry and knew that he had been kidnapped was the terror of my life. I have been shipwrecked, I have seen those I have loved die, I lay all night severely wounded on a battlefield, but none of these has approached my sufferings at knowing my child was in the hands of men who would murder him if it became their interest to do so.

With the letter that came to me demanding a ransom, after the shock that the threats in it occasioned, I found occupation and in occupation some relief. I resolved to conduct the case myself, permitting the police to work independently. The public, naturally interested, must know what is being done to recover a kidnapped child, and the news given out, being published in the papers, keeps the kidnapers well informed of their enemy's movements. I therefore sent inquiries to the police for information and kept my own counsel. The letter I answered myself, assured the writer he could deal with me directly more safely than with any one else and proceeded to negotiate with him for my boy's return.

I received several letters one after another in tolerably quick succession. They were dirty things, written by an illiterate person. The third one I received was contained in an envelope that had had no mud on the envelope, and it had been sealed by the post-office. The sealer had made a mussy job of it, getting the paste smeared on the envelope, and had pressed down the flap with his thumb, leaving a faint imprint. Added to this, a hair had got in under the flap and was held there by the paste.

I handled the envelope very gingerly to preserve the thumb imprint and softened the paste about the hair till I was enabled to extract it entire. If the writer of the letter could be captured, the thumb mark or the hair, or both, would serve to identify him. I measured them, but said nothing about them to any one.

We had settled on the amount I was to pay for my boy's liberty, but before the kidnapers nor I was able to suggest a method of payment satisfactory to him. I was obliged to wait for the thought of a plan for a transfer of the funds. Meanwhile I did work. I bought the best microscope I could find and examined the hair. It was a red hair and had been cut having grown sixteenth of an inch since the dyeing. I had been told in the letters I had received that any attempt was made to track the boy calling at the postoffice for the boy would be killed. But I had evidence to identify the

kidnapers. I desired to locate his whereabouts. I therefore hired a man to take position at the postoffice and shadow any one calling for my letters. He tracked a girl about twelve years old to an alley, where she disappeared. On two other occasions he tracked the same girl to the same alley, but some means had been invented to conceal her entrance to any building.

I now hired a detective to go into that alley and look out for a man with a dyed beard. He went in there as a few peddlers of the lowest order. While he was at work the kidnapers settled upon a plan by which I might pay the ransom. I was to drive to a certain road on a certain night and at a certain crossing would see a red lantern, a signal protecting a hole in the road. I was to leave the money in a cigar box I would find beneath the lantern. If I did this my boy would be left on the street where he could find his way home.

On the very day I received this letter my detective came to tell me that he had found a man with a dyed mustache occupying a room he rented by the week. The detective had tried to get into the room and had failed—indeed, he could not get near it, being ordered away on the story below it. His information he had got from the janitor of the building.

All now depended upon whether my detective had spotted the right man. He said he had scrutinized every person living in the alley, which was but two blocks long, and had been a good while finding even one man with dyed hair, so he felt very confident. At any rate I decided to appeal to the police to arrest the man. A number of plain clothes men under guidance of my detective went to the building he designated and ascended to the room occupied by the suspected man. The first policeman was stopped on the floor by a watcher, but the other policeman coming up forced their way. Kicking open the door of the room they sought, there was my dear little boy asleep on a crib mattress on the floor, a man being in the room with him. This man had dyed his hair and mustache a blue black easily distinguishable. Both men were taken to the police office and their thumb prints taken. The thumb mark of the man with dyed hair corresponded with the mark on the letter sent me.

The keenest pleasure is relief from pain. As no one can know what I suffered from my misfortune, no one can know the joy of getting my child back safe.

TURNER C. HOYLE.

Caricatures.
Caricatures are found among the sculptured monuments of Thebes, Egypt, made 2,200 years before Christ.

The Tongue.
The tongue is divided into three regions of taste, each of which has its own special function. The tip of the tongue is chiefly sensitive to pungent and acid tastes, the middle portion to sweets or bitters, while the back is confined entirely to the flavors of roast meats, butter, oils and rich and fatty substances.

Licorice Root.
Licorice root grows wild in the fields of Asia Minor and until fifty years ago was practically unused. Today the annual exports to the United States alone are worth about \$500,000.

CHELSEA.

Mrs. George A. Tracy returned Saturday afternoon from a visit of several weeks to her former home and friends in Plattsburg, N. Y.

Stanley C. Wilson went to Washington Saturday afternoon to remain over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Wilson.

B. H. Adams, Jr., attended the monthly auction sale of horses at West Lebanon, N. H., Saturday, and returned with two as the result of his attendance upon this sale.

Arthur Dickenson, who has a responsible position at the Pike Hill mines in West Corinth, came Saturday for a short visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus R. Dickenson.

Col. and Mrs. C. S. Emery of Newport came Sunday, and will be guests during the week at the Orange County Hotel. Their presence in town for a week is a source of great delight to their multitude of friends here.

The colt owned by Wilder H. Dearborn, which was extricated from a well Friday night, was found to be more seriously injured than was at first thought to be, and because of the serious nature of its injuries, it was killed Saturday.

School in district No. 17 was in session Saturday and having kept Labor day there will be no school in this district until Thursday, which affords both teacher and pupils an opportunity to attend the World's fair from start to finish.

Mrs. Hattie Robinson and children, who have been visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Hayward, for several weeks, left Saturday to visit Mrs. Robinson's aunt, Mrs. Doubleday of South Royalton, after which they will return to their home in Brattleboro.

George E. Hatch of Milford, N. H., arrived Saturday night for a few days' visit with relatives and his numerous old-time friends are extending the glad hand of welcome and receiving from George the old-time smile and hearty recognition that has ever characterized both his royalty and loyalty among his fellows.

One of the largest public sales of personal property held in this vicinity for several years will be held at the farm recently sold by Charles E. Davis, who lives just over the line in Vershire, to Montpelier parties. The sale, which will include livestock, farming tools, hay, grain and household goods, is billed for Tuesday, Oct. 15th, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m. sharp, and Frank Askerman of Vershire will wield the hammer.

The funeral of Mrs. Aiken Edwards, who died last Thursday from heart trouble at the home of John A. Edwards in Williamstown, was held at the West Hill church Saturday at 10 o'clock, the Rev. E. R. Carrier of Williamstown officiating. The interment was in the Louisa cemetery at Tisbury. Beside the remains of her first husband, Mrs. Aiken Edwards, her age was 73, and she survived by a husband, Aiken Edwards, who for several months has made his home with his son, John, in Williamstown, also one daughter, Mrs. E. A. George, of this town.

At a hearing before Justice Cail M. Beckwith on Saturday at the office of Darling & Wilson, in a suit brought by the Orange County Telephone company against the Rev. Nathan A. Ross of Greenboro, to collect the reverend gentleman's assessment for the current year, judgment was rendered against the defendant by default, and an execution issued which will be levied in due time upon Mr. Ross' share of stock, which will be sold to pay the judgment with taxable costs, added if the execution is not satisfied otherwise. Mr. Ross was one of the delinquents against whom the company was obliged to bring suit last year to collect the assessment, and this year he is the only one against whom the company has been obliged to bring suit.

At a recent business meeting of the Christian Endeavor society of the local Congregational church, the following officers were elected for six months ensuing: President, D. H. Gilman; corresponding secretary, Mrs. D. H. Gilman; recording secretary, Hazel E. Bishy; treasurer, John McCollum, Jr.; lookout committee, J. A. Tracy, Florence O. Taylor, Rachel Comstock; prayer meeting committee, Mrs. F. H. Stanton, Mrs. C. A. Bacon, W. E. Burbank; social committee, Grace G. Bacon, Sylvia Comstock, L. F. Bacon; missionary committee, Mrs. J. M. Comstock, Mrs. H. O. Bishy, E. H. Furlank; flower committee, Mrs. W. S. Hatch, Myrtle E. Bishy, Carroll O. Burgess; music committee, Rev. G. E. Lake, Mrs. G. E. Lake, Nora E. Taylor.

Music Hall.

Miles' brick block has been put in fine shape, and is ready to let for dancing parties, meetings and other entertainments. An excellent and safe fire escape has been erected at the rear of the building, with entrance into the Gordon block. Orders for the hall will be left at coal office of D. M. Miles, 122 North Main street, in Moore & Owens' store.

Don't put it off. Procrastination is the thief of time and of good intentions.

\$575,000 LOOT TAKEN

Carried Away From Bank
Under Fire

LEFT THE SHERIFF DEAD

On Steps of Bank—Amid Shower of
Bullets Band of Bank Burglars
Escape from Alabama City
on a Hand Car.

Seddon, Ala., Oct. 8.—One of the most daring and successful crimes ever recorded in the south was committed here Sunday night when four masked robbers looted the First National bank of \$575,323, murdered Sheriff John Williams of this county, who was endeavoring to stop them, and escaped with their booty.

A little after 10 o'clock a man on his way home noticed a ray of light coming from the window of the bank, the curtains of which were drawn. Curiosity prompted him to peer through the narrow crack between the curtain and the wall and he was horrified to see four masked men in the back of the room gathered about the open vault, while the floor was covered with coin and piles of paper money.

One man held in his hand a four sided sack and as the surprised onlooker stood watching them the robbers began to gather up the money and thrust it into the sack. Waiting to see no more he shouted to some men who were passing on the other side of the street and ran to summon Sheriff Williams. The robbers, hearing the cry, immediately put out their light and when a crowd gathered about the building nothing within could be seen.

Just before the sheriff arrived the robbers threw open the door and dashed out, one man carrying the bag of money and all holding revolvers in their hands. "Stop," shouted the sheriff, and called on the crowd to help in the capture. The reply of the robbers was a volley of pistol shots and Sheriff Williams fell dead, his body pierced by two bullets. Before the frightened crowd could offer assistance the men dashed down the alley at the corner of which the bank stood, firing as they ran.

By this time a score of men, most of them armed, were in pursuit. The robbers ran through the alley and northward to the yards of the Southern railway, where a handcar was standing on the track, evidently prepared for their escape. By the time the bandits had reached the car the foremost of their pursuers were within twenty yards. Firing the last volley in their direction, the robbers jumped on the handcar and strained every muscle to make speed.

A hundred shots were fired after them, but none seemed to take effect. Just beyond the station a steep down grade began, and as soon as this was reached the handcar shot swiftly forward and the efforts of the pursuers were futile.

Mounted Poses were soon formed and dispatched along either side of the railroad track, while news of the robbery was quickly flashed to the next station.

The Charming "Miss Petticoats"

The mission of dispelling gloom with sunshine and brightness is indeed glorious and in probably no better or larger field of usefulness today can this mission be fulfilled than in that of the world of the theatre. Nearly everyone attends the theatre now-a-days and in its power for good in the community is hardly less than that of the church. So many fascinating, uplifting, powerful sermons could be preached than a performance of that "ideal New England play," "Miss Petticoats." How it grips the heartstrings with the memories of youth; how it charms the eye with the beauty of the scenery; how it fascinates; how delightful to mingle in the joy and sorrows of these fine types of true hearted men and women, descended from the good old Puritan stock. The potency of the smile to drive away the tear is recognized all over the world and the most charming personage today on the stage is "Miss Petticoats," so called, as a pet name, by old Capt. Stewart of New Bedford who brought up his grand-daughter on board the old whaler at an ancient wharf. His shipmates were her playmates and through all her struggles and triumphs, they "saw" her through thick and thin and their honest, playful wit provides much fun in the play. Their fourth-hand dance at the ball of the Countess Farnay is a novel and amusing feature and brings down the house. When the book was written five years ago it was widely read and talked over and everyone became familiar with the secret cloak of "Miss Petticoats" and were anxious to see it produced as a play for its many points of interest. It was first presented at the Boston theatre and was pronounced a brilliant play with a great future and has fulfilled these prophecies. It has made a distinct hit wherever produced, having emotional power combined with a real flavor of New England wit that leaves a clear, sweet taste behind. A very well trained company of selected actors and actresses will give this popular play at the opera house on Friday, October 11, for one night only.

Concerning "Christian Names."
May one interject a gentle protest against the use of the phrase "Christian name" in this connection? The Romans said praenomen, the French say prenom, and we have used the word "forename" for the last 305 years. It is as incorrect to speak of the Christian name of a Jew, for example, as it would be hopeless to expect a Christmas card from a Jewish rabbi. Again, the middle name of a Roman was his gentile name—that of his gens. On the surface, what a pretty confusion of ideas it would have been to have spoken of the name as of one gentile and Christian—London Notes and Queries.

Clear The Throat

of soreness, hoarseness
and irritation

With
Hale's Honey of
Horehound and Tar

It quickly cures coughs, and
colds, is pleasant to take and
harmless.

Get it of your druggist.

File's Toothache Drops
Cure in One Minute.

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"Keep well" is better than "get well."

Scott's Emulsion fortifies the body against disease and strengthens it during convalescence. It is composed of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in easily digested form. It builds up faster than work, worry and trouble can tear down.

ALL DRUGGISTS 50c. AND \$1.00.

FASHION FANCIES.

Crepe de Chine Handkerchiefs Are
French Novelties—Lasting Sachet.

There are always novelties in the way of handkerchiefs. The latest thing is a square of crepe de chine with a narrow hemstitched border. The embroidered monogram takes up the larger part of the underchief of this description. With many other early Victorian modes, old fashioned lace handkerchiefs have come in again. Some are rather fascinating, such as little squares of fine cambric with narrow edgings of real lace. The finest of French lawn with a dainty hemstitched border of the plainest possible kind is a fashion that never disappears.

A woman who always has fragrant bureau drawers accounts for it by her use of pumice stone saturated with her favorite perfume in place of the usual transitory odor of the fancy sachet. The girl who has some buckles left from previous seasons need feel no



A PRETTY FOUARD—5684, 5642.

necessity of expending more money on others. All that she has to do is to take her buckles to some fashionable shop, and the clerk will match them to belt and make the belts to fit her in a few minutes.

Many of the new wraps are quaint and old time, reproducing those in vogue during the reign of the lovely Empress Eugenie.

A pretty fold silk frock is shown in the cut. It has a white ground with blue dots over it and is trimmed with blue velvet in walls of Troy design.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

True Hospitality.
In a New Hampshire village many stories are told of a former resident who had a warm heart, but a tongue that did not always utter his real meaning. One cold winter day he opened his door to see the minister, looking chilly and tired, wading home through the snow after an hour spent with a needy but unpleasant parishioner.

"Come in, parson, come right in," he called cheerily, waving his arms with hospitable intent. "My wife will make a roasting fire to warm you up. It's well started already, parson. She'll make it so hot you can't stay in the house fifteen minutes."

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KILL 22 CONVICTS

They Are Shot in Attack on
Russian Guards

MORE OUTRAGES OCCUR

Revolution So Far Has Cost 22,870 Lives
—The Figures as Given by a
St. Petersburg
Paper.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 8.—A gang of convicts who were being escorted to Tobolsk, Siberia, from Tyumen attacked their guards Sunday, and wounded six of them. The guards fired on the convicts, twenty-two of whom were killed. Eleven of the prisoners escaped with rifles, which they had wrested from the members of the escort in the hand-to-hand fight which followed the outbreak.

Russian Revolution Has Cost 22,870 Lives.
Although the elections to the third Duma are attracting only lukewarm attention, a sensation has been created by the publication in the Novoe Vremya of an article setting forth the number of lives sacrificed in the Russian revolutionary movement from the announcement to the first Duma, in February, 1905, down to the time of the second dissolution, last June. It shows the country has become a revolutionary shambles. Although no name is signed to the article, the statistics in it are said to be furnished from official sources and, for that reason, they should not be regarded as an exaggeration; quite the contrary. It is stated that during this time 44,020 suffered through the terrorist regime and the reaction against terrorism, of whom 19,144 were killed, 2,881 were executed or lynched, 1,259 committed suicide, 20,794 were wounded, and 441 were the objects of fruitless assaults.

DOGS IN BAGDAD.
Why They Do Not Loot the Food Bazaars of the Town.

Bagdad is alive with more or less hungry dogs. How is it that such packs of furies do not loot the bazaars of the town? The explanation is as simple as it is interesting. The Bagdad shop fronts are absolutely open.

The goat and mutton carcasses are hung where every dog that runs can reach them. But time out of mind the first glance of a dog's eye toward forbidden dainties has been visited with the swift descent on him of a cudgel or a hatchet.

On one of a series of marches parallel with the Euphrates I chanced to meet a desert horde whose greyhounds are in high repute. Buying a brace of saplings, I took them on with me, lodging them in the tent and doing everything that was possible to make them feel at home.

Surprising to relate, they obstinately refused both food and water. The remains of a venison pasty seemed at once to attract and repel them. A pan of water appeared to them even more strongly, but they would not go up to it.

After a time a Persian mute explained the mystery in a twinkling. No sooner did he upset the water and toss the viands on the ground before than the silky eared ones ran in like Trojans and made up in a few moments for a day's fasting.

Accustomed to lap from the river, from irrigation channels and from sheets of surface water and reared among people who do not use tables, they had been taught by many a buffet to keep their noses out of cooking pots and vessels of every description.

In Bagdad man and beast alike drink of the great river, which also forms the arterial common sewer of the city, the place where clothes are washed and the "Stygian wave" into which is dragged every beast of burden when it is not left to lie where it has fallen. The muddy bottom, with the water ever receding, the exposed surfaces thick with impurities and the tropical sun "smoking up all the infections," must be a regular hotbed of miasma and pestilence.

And yet, mirabile dictu, Bagdad is not, as eastern cities go, unhealthy. But let the reader imagine to himself what the Bagdad of the foregoing slight description would be like without the dogs that scavenge it. Refuse animal and vegetable matter is largely disposed of by the dogs, in situ—Nineteenth Century.

More Antique.
Impecunious but Enthusiastic Collector—Let me see; what is the price of that picture?

Art Dealer—Eighteen hundred pounds, madam.

"Eighteen hundred pounds! Why, this is the third time I have asked the price of that painting within three days, and it is a hundred pounds more each time I ask!"

"Yes, but madam must remember it is an antique and that it grows older every day."—London Answers.

An Oversight.
Watch—Eight bells and all's well. Mrs. Pohunk (foebly)—I guess, Josiah, he hasn't looked on this side of the boat lately or he'd know better—Brooklyn Times.

Whoever is not too wise is wise—Martial.

The Censor.
A cook who understands the value of a casserole can prepare almost any dish in this earthenware ruin. Bits of meat and game can be used the next day with a sauce covering or with vegetables, and the most appetizing and hearty viand will be the result.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliancy vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, negligence and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate woman's organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed complexion. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of these native American medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve tonic adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

A FLOATING SNAIL.

Peculiar Ways of This Wonderful Little Creature.

There is a small snail which is so fond of the sea that it never comes to land, and it builds such a capital boat for itself and its eggs that while large ships are sinking and steamers are unable to face the storm it tosses about in perfect safety.

The little snail is of a violet color and is therefore called tintinnia. It has a small shell, and there projects from the upper part of the body a long, tongue-like piece of flesh. This is the raft, and it is built upon most scientific principles, for it has compartments in it for air. It is broad and the air compartments are underneath, so that it cannot capsize.

Moreover, the snail knows how to stow away its cargo, for the oldest eggs and those which hatch the soonest are placed in the center and the lightest and newest on the sides of the raft. The tintinnia fills its own air compartments by getting a globe of air underneath its head. The body is then curved downward beneath the raft, and the head being tilted on one side, the air rushes up and fills the spaces. It feeds on a beautiful little jellyfish, which has a flat, rattle-like form with a pretty little sail upon it, and they congregate in multitudes when the sea is calm.

Sometimes specimens are washed upon the northwestern coast of France, and when they are handled they give out a violet dye.

Net Run by an Irishman.

When a French chauffeur brought an imported machine to the repair shop one of the mechanics became interested in the ingenious speed indicator which records the distance covered in the metric system.

"It's surely dead," remarked the man, "but it would take a Frenchman to read it."

"Do you think," exclaimed the chauffeur, "that zeez machine ever run by an Irishman?"—New York Times.

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